NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXVIII., No. 1. MONTREAL & NEW YORK, JANUARY 6, 1893. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

HERO-WORSHIP.

ANOTHER YEAR.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

Another year is dawning:
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with thee;

Another year of leaning
Upon thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest;

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of thy face;

Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days;"

Another year of service,
Of witness for thy love;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning:
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for thee.

HERO WORSHIP.

"Of most disastrous chances
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair breadth 'scapes in the eminent deadly breach"

the old soldier is no fonder of telling than the little grandson is of hearing. The boy is a true hero worshipper, and as his vivid imagination pictures the hairbreadth escapes and thrilling scenes, he longs for the time when he too shall be a man and do brave deeds of daring for his fellows. Let no cold critic laugh at his boyish enthusiasm. The boy is father of the man. On the Eton play ground, is the testimony of Britain's greatest general, was won the field of Waterloo.

WHERE THE GOLD IS.

Tom Jones was a little fellow, and not so quick to learn as some boys; but nobody in the class could beat him in his lessons. He rarely missed in geography, never in spelling, and his arithmetic was always correctly done; as for his reading, no boy improved like him. The boys were fairly angry sometimes, he outdid them so. "Why, Tom, where do you learn your lessons? You don't study in school more than the other boys." "I rise early in the morning, and study two hours before breakfast," answered Tom. Ah, that is it. "The morning hour has gold in its mouth."

There is a little garden near us, which is the prettiest and most splendid little spot in all the neighborhood. The earliest radishes, peas, straw-berries, tomatoes, grow there. It supplies the family with vegetables, besides some for the market. If anybody wants flowers, that garden is sure for the sweetest roses, pinks, and "all sorts" without number. The soil, we used to think, was poor and rocky, besides being exposed to the north wind; and the owner is a busy business man all day, yet he never hires. "How do you make so much out of your little garden?" "I give my mornings to it," answered the owner; "and I don't know which is more benefited by my work, my garden or me." Ah, "The morning hour has gold in its mouth."

William Down was one of our young converts. He united with the church and appeared well; but I pitied the poor fellow when I thought of his going back to the ship-yard, to work among the gang of loose associates. Will he maintain his stand? I thought. It is so easy to slip back in religion—easier to go back two steps than to advance one. Ah, well, we said, we must trust William to his conscience and his Saviour.

Two years passed, and William's piety grew brighter and stronger. Others fell away, but not he; and no boy, perhaps, was placed in more unfavorable circumstances. Talking with William one evening, I discovered one secret of his steadfastness.

"I never, sir, on any account, let a single morning pass without secret prayer, and reading of God's Word. If I have a good deal to do, I rise an hour earlier. I think over my weak points, and try to get God's grace to fortify me just there."

Mark this. If you give up your morning petitions, you will suffer for it; temptation is before you, and you are not fit to meet it; there is a guilty feeling in the soul, and you keep at a distance from Christ. Be sure the hour of prayer, broken in upon by sleepiness, can never be made up. Make it a principle, young Christian, to begin the day by watching unto prayer. "The morning hour has gold in its mouth;" aye, and something better than gold—heavenly gain.—*Friendly Greetings.*

STRONG.

Mr. Gosse, in his "World of Wonders," relates a remarkable story of the strength of a beetle, and gives some ingenious comparisons. A three-horned beetle was brought to him, and having no box immediately at hand, he was at a loss where to put the specimen until he could find time to kill and preserve it.

At last a happy thought struck me. There was a quart bottle of milk standing on the table, the bottom of the bottle having a hollow in it large enough to cover my prize. I set the bottle over the creature and returned to my work.

Presently, to my great surprise, the bottle began to move slowly, and then gradually settled down to a smooth, gliding motion across the table.

It was being propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three and one-half pounds, while the weight of the beetle was not near a half ounce. Thus I was watching the strange sight of a creature moving one hundred and twelve times its own weight under the most disadvantageous circumstances.

A better idea than figures can convey of this feat may be obtained by supposing a lad of twelve years to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The bell weighs six tons. If a boy of the age mentioned could push within and cause the bell to glide along the pavement, his strength would not be equal in proportion to that of the beetle under the bottle.

HOME STUDY OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

BY REV. J. B. KANAGA, A.M.

That there is a general neglect of home study of the Sunday-school lessons is a lamentable fact. The average Sunday-school scholar comes to the Sabbath "recitation" with the most meagre acquaintance with the substance and surroundings of the lesson. The "daily readings" have not been followed, or any other method pursued to a point of preparation. There is a prevailing presumption to the effect that when the scholar has presented himself regularly at the appoined place that he has done all that can be reasonably demanded of him. That in addition to the commendable habit of regular attendance he should as regularly make satisfactory preparation for the class-room is hardly given an earnest thought. Attendance is good; but that is only one phase of our obligation. Duty demands in our own interest as attendants on the important exercises of this department of church work that we make the most of the brief space of time allotted to the lesson. This principle obtains in all laudable human effort or enterprise. The Sunday-school would be tenfold more effective as an auxiliary to the great end for which all Christian institutions exist if the lessons were thoroughly studied at home. When a teacher must actually introduce the lesson and awaken an interest it cannot be expected that the best results in this work be attained; but when each member of a class has been at the pains to prepare properly, then the recitation is an inspiration to all. Enthusiasm easily kindles, and growth in both grace and knowledge is guaranteed.

Why are not the Sunday-school lessons studied as thoroughly before going to class as are the lessons of the day-school? Surely not for lack of time. There is ample time for the daily paper—time even to go through the dismal and often disgusting details of local happenings and the general gush-and-go business of all creation. Time to indulge in discussing trivial affairs of all sorts; time to do every other thing, and time to do nothing, but no (?) time for the comprehensive, critical and devotional study of the Sunday-school lesson. Yes, time enough for all, even the busiest, if only it were eagerly utilized.

Neither can any excuse their neglect of this duty from any grounds in its comparative importance. Relatively considered it is of unrivalled importance. It has to do with God's eternal truth and our immortal souls. We cannot in any way innocently neglect this solemn obligation. Any kind of careless handling of sacred things is full of peril to the soul. This is pre-eminently so with the claims of Divine truth; other things may be occasionally neglected without loss, but God's word never. No Sunday-school teacher or scholar can afford to treat indifferently that portion of sacred truth which is designated for our stated special study. We need to get back to the old dispensation eagerness of interest in the oracles of God, and we shall not undervalue our privilege of associated study of this Book so precious to the covenant people of old.

It would be a delightful exercise to gather the family about the centre-table once or twice a week and go over the ground of the lesson for the following Sabbath. It would be both pleasant and profitable, and would greatly elevate and brighten the home-life. Then parents and children would come to their class with an already-awakened interest and some idea of the scope and significance of the lesson. It might not be amiss if teachers would occasionally emphasize the importance of home-study. For the increased dignity and delight of family life, for the greater interest and efficiency of Sunday-school work, for God's glory and our good let us have more home-study of Sunday-school lessons.—*Sunday-school Teacher.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON III.—JANUARY 15, 1893.

ENCOURAGING THE PEOPLE.

Haggai 2:1-9.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."—Psalm 127:1.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ezra 4:1-24.—The Work Hindered.
T. Ezra 5:1-17.—Tatnai's Letter to the King.
W. Ezra 6:1-13.—The King's Decree.
Th. Haggai 1:1-15.—The First Prophecy.
F. Haggai 2:1-9.—The Second Prophecy.
S. Haggai 2:10-23.—The Third and Fourth Prophecies.
S. Psalm 107:1-21.—"His Mercy Endureth for Ever."

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Glory of the Former House. vs. 1-5.
II. The Glory of the Latter House. vs. 6-9.

TIME.—B.C. 520, September, fifteen years after the last lesson; Darius Hystaspes king of Medo-Persia; Zerubbabel governor of Judah.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

The Jews began the rebuilding of the temple with great zeal. But soon serious hinderances occurred, with a delay of some fifteen years intervened. On the accession of Darius Hystaspes (B.C. 521) the prophets Haggai and Zechariah urged the renewal of the undertaking, and obtained the permission and assistance of the king (Ezra 5:1; 6:14).

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Seventh month*—the month Tisri. *The one and twentieth day of the month*—the seventh and last day of the feast of Tabernacles, sixteen years after the rebuilding of the altar and the restoration of sacrifices. 3. *How do ye see it now?*—God's estimate of things is very different from man's (Zech. 8:6.) 4. *Be strong, . . . for I am with you*—our greatest *strength* is to have God with us as our strength. 5. *According to the word*—God's ancient covenant with their fathers is cited as a pledge and witness to the truth of the present promises. 6. *I will shake*—this implies judgments of wrath on the foes of God's people. 7. *The desire of all nations*—many interpret this as meaning Christ, for whom all nations consciously or unconsciously yearn. The Revised Version reads, "the desirable things of all nations shall come." 8. *The silver is mine*—doubt not, therefore, my promise that the gold and silver shall be poured forth to adorn my house. 9. *Will I give peace*—through Christ, the *Prince of peace* (Luke 2:14; Rom. 5:1; 2 Cor. 5:18, 19; Eph. 2:13-17; Col. 1:20).

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—When were the foundations of the temple laid? How was the work hindered? By whose decree was it resumed? What prophets of God urged on the work? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE GLORY OF THE FORMER HOUSE. vs. 1-5.—Who was Haggai? When did the word of the Lord come to him? To whom was he directed to speak? What was he to say to Zerubbabel and Joshua? Why did the remembrance of this glory discourage the Jews in rebuilding? What encouraging message did Haggai bring to them? Why had they no reason to fear?

II. THE GLORY OF THE LATTER HOUSE. vs. 6-9.—What solemn declaration did the Lord make? What would follow these commotions? What would he do for this latter house? What resources were at his command? What further did he promise? What would he then give? In what did the glory of the latter house consist.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. We have a great, important and difficult work to do in the service of God.
2. We may expect much opposition from without and within in the doing of this work.
3. We need not be discouraged, for God has promised to be with us and help us.
4. Let this promise excite us to be diligent in duty and persevering in prayer.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What discouraged the Jews in the work of rebuilding the temple? Ans. Their poverty, and the consequent meanness of the new temple in comparison with the old.
2. What did Haggai say to encourage them? Ans. Be strong and work; for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts.
3. What gracious promise did the Lord give them. Ans. I will shake all nations, and the Desire of all nations shall come; and I will fill this house with glory.
4. What further did the Lord promise? Ans. The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former.
5. What blessing would he there give? Ans. In this place will I give peace.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 22, 1893.

JOSHUA THE HIGH PRIEST.—Zech. 3:1-10.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 7, 8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"We have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God."—Heb. 4:14.

HOME READINGS.

M. Zech. 1:1-21.—The First and Second Visions.
T. Zech. 2:1-13.—The Third Vision.
W. Zech. 3:1-10.—The Fourth Vision—Joshua the High Priest.
Th. Heb. 4:12-5:10.—Our Great High Priest.
F. Rom. 5:1-21.—Peace with God.
S. Rom. 8:1-17.—No Condemnation.
S. Psalm 32:1-11.—Transgression Forgiven.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Filthy Garments. vs. 1-3.
II. The Clean Garments. vs. 4-7.
III. The Promise of the Messiah. vs. 8-10.

TIME.—B.C. 519, January or February; Darius Hystaspes king of Medo-Persia; Zerubbabel governor of Judah.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Zechariah was a priest as well as a prophet. He was born probably in Babylon, and came to Jerusalem with Zerubbabel and Joshua. He began to prophesy in the second year of Darius Hystaspes, and continued for two years, acting in concert with the prophet Haggai.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *He*—Jehovah. *Joshua*—called in the book of Ezra, Jeshua. *Standing before the angel of the Lord*—as before his judge. *The angel of the Lord* is Christ the Mediator, to whom all judgment is committed (John 5:22). *Satan*—who here assumes the character and occupies the place of the accuser in the trial. 2. *The Lord*—Jehovah who in verses 1, 5, 6, is called the angel of Jehovah. *A brand plucked out of the fire*—saved from destruction. 4. *Those that stood before him*—angels of inferior order. *The filthy garments*—symbol of sin. The guilt and pollution of sin are replaced by purity and holiness. *Change of raiment*—"rich apparel." 5. *I said*—the prophet, rejoicing at the change of raiment, asks that the attire of the high priest may be made complete. 7. *Places to walk*—Revised Version, "a place of access." *Among these that stand by*—among the angels, standing around the angel of Jehovah. 8. *Men wondered at*—"men which are a sign." *My servant*—a frequent name of Messiah (Isa. 42:1; 49:3). *The Branch*—Isa. 4:2; 11:1; Zech. 6:12. 9. *The stone*—Isa. 28:16; Psalm 118:22; Matt. 21:42; 1 Peter 2:4-7; Eph. 2:20. 21. *Seven eyes*—denoting the wisdom of the Messiah. 10. *Under the vine*—peaceful times shall return, and friendship and love prevail.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who was Zechariah? When did he begin to prophecy? How long did he continue his work? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE FILTHY GARMENTS. vs. 1-3.—What did the Lord do? Who is meant by *the angel of the Lord*? For what purpose was Satan there? What did the Lord say to Satan? In what was Joshua clothed? What did these filthy garments represent?

II. THE CLEAN GARMENTS. vs. 4-7.—What did the Lord command? What did he say to Joshua? Of what was the change of raiment a token? What did the prophet then say? What did the placing of the mitre upon his head imply? What solemn declaration did the Lord then make? What was the Lord's counsel to the church of the Laodiceans? Rev. 3:17, 18.

III. THE PROMISE OF THE MESSIAH. vs. 8-10.—What did the Lord now promise? Who is meant by *my servant the Branch*? Where else is the Messiah spoken of under these names? How shall he be qualified for his work? What shall be the effect of his mission?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. Satan is still the accuser of the brethren.
2. Christ stops the mouth of their accuser.
3. Every pardoned sinner is a brand plucked from the burning.
4. Christ takes away the guilt of sin by his pardoning mercy.
5. He removes the pollution of sin by his renewing grace.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. Whom did the prophet see standing before the angel of the Lord? Ans. Joshua the high priest, clothed in filthy garments, and Satan as his accuser.
2. What did the Lord say to Satan? Ans. The Lord rebuke thee; is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?
3. What did he say to those before him? Ans. Take away the filthy garments from him.
4. What did he say to Joshua? Ans. Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment.
5. What will he do for all who confess their sins? Ans. If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

GRACIOUS RECEIVING.

Much has been said about the art of conferring favors with such sweet graciousness that the favor is doubled thereby.

There is another art concerning which we have seen no mention, and that is the art of receiving favors so graciously that the giver becomes the debtor.

A few days ago we saw two little girls receiving some presents which had been brought to them from the East Indies. The ornaments were valuable, but so unusual in fashion and color that the children could not be expected to properly appreciate them. Yet one child by her manner of acceptance displayed an unusual share of the gift of graciousness. The other was evidently disappointed, and her thanks were cold and lifeless.

When the two children left the room the first ran out with joyous step, carrying her trinkets in uplifted hands, and crying out:

"Oh, see what Aunt Mary has brought me all the way from India! The India that's on the map, and where the Taj-Mahal is!"

The other child carried her little box of costly ornaments hanging by her side; her step was slow, her countenance sullen, and one could but expect the words that left her lips almost before the door had closed behind her. "I should think Aunt Mary might have found something nicer than that to bring such a long way."

Through life these children will carry their differences of character, but proper tuition might do something for the latter little speaker. Graciousness is not the possession of all, but natural ungraciousness may be greatly modified by careful education. Children who hear from parents unfavorable comments upon the gifts of absent friends, will make similar reflections upon those of persons who are present; or if they do not show displeasure, will at least display the absence of pleasure. The aunt of the two before-mentioned little girls said afterwards to one who was speaking of the first child's happy manner:

"Yes, little Julia is happy in having a bright, sweet disposition, always ready to please and be pleased, but I think that Katy's was naturally much the same. Their mothers are so different, Julia's mother says she has made it a life rule to never look behind a gift for its motive, its value to herself, or its cost to the giver; that the fact that any one chooses to give her anything lays her under but one obligation, and that is to receive it graciously. She takes it for granted that no gift is offered her for any purpose save to give her pleasure. Therefore it always does give her pleasure, and she shows it. I have know her to receive with charming grace, and to wear with a courage worthy of John Rogers of fiery memory, a really horrible green and yellow shawl, because she would not wound the sensibilities of the poor woman who brought it to her from Germany as a love-gift, in return for many, and some rather costly kindnesses.

"'She has done what she could,' said my sister-in-law, looking ruefully upon the warring colors. 'I could wish that she had done nothing, but that would not have given her the pleasure that the bestowal of this has done.'"

To graciously receive intended favors, even where they are not such in reality, is incumbent upon all. It is a part of the "give and take" necessity of life. It is also, on higher grounds, a manifest Christian duty.—*Harper's Bazar.*

MAKE WORK EASY.

To make work a pleasure it is necessary to have proper materials with which to do it. No carpenter would for a moment think of stinting himself by buying poor tools, and there is no economy in trying to keep house with an insufficient supply of household implements. Keep always on hand plenty of brooms, brushes, dust-pans, and clean dusters; always have good soap, sapolio, borax, ammonia, and other cleansers, with paste for polishing brass, and powder for silver. Do not keep them all in the back part of the house, or in some out-of-the-way place, but have them near where they are to be used, so that no steps may be wasted in running for them. Dusters, brooms, dust-pans, and brushes that are to be used upstairs should never be brought down until they come to stay; and, unless the house is a very small one, those that are used in the front rooms should be near at hand.

Not only should one have good tools with which to work, but she should endeavor at all times to save herself from unnecessary labor. In sweeping, all upholstered furniture, open bookcases, beds, and such things as are difficult to dust, should be provided with muslin covers so that the labor of dusting them may be very slight. About the kitchen and closets try, as far as possible, to arrange everything so that very little stooping will be necessary. Do not put articles on the floors of closets and cupboards, not only because they get dusty much sooner than if on shelves, but are in the way when the floors are brushed, which should be done often.

In arranging closets, place articles in orderly piles on the shelves, and, as far as possible, avoid stacking them on top of one another in such a way that any one thing cannot be got at without disarranging several others. Keep gummed paper on hand, and label every box or bundle, putting the label so that it can be read without taking the bundles from the shelves. If crowded for room, utilize all the space in the closets by putting in removable shelves and hooks, which, if the house should chance to be a rented one, can be taken away without damage. It will more than repay the trouble. Carpenters make closets after a certain pattern and usually put about one-sixth as many shelves and hooks as the space will admit; and it too often happens that housekeepers take them as they find them, and worry along for years with crowded closets, when an hour's work and a few cents in money will save days of labor.

One could go on indefinitely pointing out specific ways in which labor may be saved and work made easy, and the suggestions would still seem incomplete. The general principles upon which easy housekeeping is based may be summed up in a very few sentences:

Regard housekeeping as a business, and attend promptly to all the details of it, as one would do in any other business. Insist upon having proper conveniences with which to work, and get the benefit of them by using them systematically. Never work hard for a time in order to rest afterwards, but scatter the work so that no day will be a hard one, and none need be spent in idleness. Remember that one does not save labor by neglecting to do it, for a day of reckoning will come when it will press to be done, and most likely at an inconvenient season. While endeavoring to be methodical do not be a slave to method, but keep everything in such order that any unexpected event may not be a serious inconvenience. Do not fret when things go wrong, but remember that in every kind of work there must some times be a little friction, and meeting it calmly will do more than anything else towards removing it. Above all, use your wits in saving time and steps, and make the work a pleasure by following an intelligent plan in accomplishing it.—*Josephine E. Martin, in Demorest's Monthly.*

DAINTY DISHES FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

William was recovering very slowly from his long illness; and remembering how nicely my friend's brother got up from his "long typhoid," I went over to "skim her brains," and learn what she did for him. Would she help me? Most certainly and gladly. And she wrote out some recipes so carefully, and with such minute directions, that one could not fail to succeed, and the patient was nourished back to health.

Each recipe proved perfect; and to help others over the hard place that comes in the exhaustion consequent upon typhoid fever, I send them that they may be tried in other sick-rooms in the land, and help to bring back the rose to the cheek and the light to the eye of the stricken one.

After the fever has run its course and spent itself, in typhoid, our good doctor says the cure then depends upon the food served to the poor invalid. Acting upon my friend's suggestion, I fitted up a little room off the sick-room, and merrily pinned the word "Refectory," traced in large characters, on the door. I had two gas-stoves upon my convenient table, and there I prepared every mouthful that passed his lips for weeks; nor only that, but washed the silver and china used in his room, so that the servants scarcely knew there was illness in the house, and the routine housekeeping was entirely undisturbed.

A mistake in diet is always serious, often fatal, after typhoid fever. The patient must be generously fed and nourished, but the food must be soft and well masticated. During the fever, of course, milk is the great sheet-anchor; after it has spent itself, comes the day for milk porridge, oatmeal gruel, cornmeal gruel, and farina; then, later on, follows the time for clam broth and chicken panada. If delicately made, their relish remains until the very last; but their preparation should be as careful and skilful as the efforts of a French *chef* in preparing a dinner.

MILK PORRIDGE.—One tablespoonful of flour, one pint of milk. Make this like custard, in a double boiler (with water in the outside one). Cook about fifteen minutes, strain, beat with an egg-beater, and add a little salt.

OATMEAL GRUEL.—One quart of boiling water, three tablespoonfuls of oat-meal, one teaspoonful of salt. Let this boil in a double boiler for about two and a half hours. Strain, and add three tablespoonfuls of cream. Beat to a foam with an egg-beater.

CORNMEAL GRUEL.—Two tablespoonfuls of cornmeal to one quart of boiling water and one teaspoonful of salt. Cook for about two hours, and prepare like the oatmeal gruel. You can add more salt if you choose.

FARINA FOR THE SICK.—Two tablespoonfuls of farina, one pint of milk, one pinch of salt, three teaspoonfuls of sugar, one egg. The great secret is in the doing. Put the milk on the fire to scald. Beat the farina up with the yolk of the egg, adding a little water, enough to make it mix well. When the milk boils, stir in the farina, salt, and sugar, and let it boil fifteen minutes. Take it off the stove, and, as soon as it ceases to boil, stir in the white of the egg, beaten to a stiff froth, and pour into a dish.

CHICKEN PANADA.—Take half the breast of a chicken, and after removing the skin and every particle of fat, place it in a saucepan with water enough to cover it, and let it slowly simmer for two hours. Take it from the broth and cut it in small particles, and then press them all through a wire sieve. None of the chicken must be used that has not been forced through the sieve. A large spoon is the best thing to press with. Add the broth to the chicken that has been passed through the sieve, and season it with salt. Then add four tablespoonfuls of cream, and let it all scald up together.

This is delicious, and all the breast of the chicken is here, retained in a perfectly soft condition, nourishing and harmless.—*Mary Lansing.*

HELPFUL.

"How do you do this afternoon?" said Mrs. Russel to her neighbor, Mrs. Hillock.

"Oh, I am tired; I felt just after the dinner work was over and baby was asleep, how much I wished I was near mother and could send Earl to stay with her, so that I could lie down a little while. He is so full of spirits, he can't be still even for a few minutes. But how is Mrs. Allen today?"

The talk drifted to other subjects, and when Mrs. Russel rose to go, she said "I'm going to call at the next house and will be back in a short time, and will take Earl home with me for an hour or so, you must rest as much of the time as you can."

Mrs. Russel was a widow with a son and daughter of school age and she had been anxiously looking for some employment that would enable her to stay at home, doing what sewing she could.

The afternoon she so kindly took her neighbor's little boy home with her, a thought came to her, and when she saw Mrs. Hillock so much brighter, she told her if she would care to let him go she would take Earl for two hours every afternoon, and when Eva came from school she could take him home, "and if you have it to spare we might take pay in milk."

This is the way things began to look brighter for Mrs. Russel. Mrs. Hillock soon recommended her care of Earl to other friends and when a neighbor wanted to go down town she left her little ones with Mrs. Russel. She did not make very high charges, but the business grew until the little house was full. One woman wanted to sew during the day, and left her little girl; another was a day nurse to an invalid lady of means, still another, who kept a millinery shop and had hitherto left her three-year-old boy in charge of a hired girl, felt much better when it was in Mrs. Russel's care. She cooked simple and wholesome food, and arranged her rooms so that children were very little trouble, and she still could sew most of the time, keeping her expenses paid until her son was able to help.—*Housekeeper.*

A HASTY LUNCHEON

"If you ever get in a corner and seem to have nothing available in the house for luncheon, just investigate the resources of the cracker box," said a careful housekeeper. "I remember one day we had a guest come in just before luncheon was served. It was a sort of off-day, and we had a spread made up of odds and ends. The visitor was one whom I knew to be somewhat dainty in her tastes, and as there was no time to send to market for anything, I just didn't know what to do. Unfortunately, the bread wasn't fresh, which was a great misfortune, for it always seems to me that with good bread and butter one can make out a sort of a meal, but here we were, when it all at once occurred to me that we might get up a creditable dish out of crackers, of which, as good luck would have it, there was an abundance. So I buttered a few dozen crackers and set them in the oven, there to stay until they were a light brown. A part of these were placed in a dish on the back of the stove, and with the remainder I made some cracker sandwiches out of some bits of roast fowl which was ready sliced in the pantry. The meat was mixed with a little mayonnaise and placed between two of the buttered crackers. A jar of canned fruit was opened, and with some olives and a bit of cheese rounded out a very relishable luncheon, and my guest quite enthused over the new-fashioned sandwiches."—*Exchange.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

OYSTER BISQUE.—Place one quart of oysters to boil in their own liquor, and add a saltspoonful of white pepper, a pinch of cayenne and salt. When the oysters are plump skim them out and add a bay leaf, a stalk of celery, a blade of mace, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and a coffeecupful of cream to the liquor and stand on the back of the range, covered. Into another saucepan put one pint of white stock and a teacupful of bread crumbs, and cook slowly for half an hour. Strain the oyster soup, chop the oysters rather fine and add both to saucepan number two. Rub two tablespoonfuls of flour smooth in a little milk and when the soup boils stir it in and boil five minutes, and add two tablespoonfuls of butter. Serve in soup plates.

OYSTER STUFFING.—Remove the crusts and rub fine three teacupfuls of bread crumbs, and season highly with salt, pepper and any powdered sweet herb you prefer. Into a hot stewpan put a small piece of butter and the dry stuffing, adding half a teacupful of butter cut in small bits. Stir constantly for three minutes, remove from the fire, and when cool add a dozen chopped oysters over which has been turned a tablespoonful of lemon juice.

ROAST TURKEY.—It is far easier to select good poultry when it is dressed with the head and feet on. The eyes will be bright and full, the feet soft and joints pliable, while the skin of the bird will look soft and clean, showing layers of yellowish fat and white flesh beneath. Thoroughly wash and wipe inside. If large, the craw space will hold enough dressing; so roll up a piece of bread crust and wedge it tightly into the opening from there into the body. Fill the craw space as full as you possibly can (and the body if necessary), and sew up the cuts. Twist the pinions under the wings, push up the legs until they lie flat against the back. Run a large skewer through the body and wings, and another through the body and thighs, and tie the end of both drum-sticks together tightly. Draw the skin of the neck back over the backbone, and fasten it with a few stitches. Rub the bird over thoroughly with salt and then with flour. Prepare a roll of four-inch wide strips of old white muslin; commencing at the back, dexterously wind the cloth smoothly round the entire body, so that none of the surface is exposed, and fasten the end and wherever needed with a few stitches. Rub the entire surface of the cloth with soft butter, tie a slice of salt pork on the breast, and put in a hot oven. In fifteen minutes turn and add a teacupful of boiling water. Baste often, and when done carefully remove the wrapping, and your turkey will come out a juicy rich golden brown. Boil the giblets, chop fine, and add to the gravy after it is thickened.

BAKED SHOAT.—Choose a hind quarter of fine young pork, wash well and wipe dry. Cut a slit in the knuckle with a sharp knife and fill the opening with a mixture of powdered sage, finely chopped onion and a little salt and pepper. Put in a pan with a teacupful of boiling water. When half done, score across the top, but do not cut deeper than the outer rind of the skin; rub beaten egg and grated cracker crumbs over and finish baking.

The Family Circle.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

With the whirling and drifting of snows,
Comes breathless, the wild New Year,
While bitter the North wind blows
O'er the fields that lie stark and drear.

Yet Hope is alight in her eyes
As she looks from the heart of the storm,
"Earth sleeps in her shroud," she cries,
"But the life in her breast is warm.

"Death is but a dream of the night,
And the hymn of joy is begun,
For slowly seeking the light
The great globe turns to the sun.

"Behold, I will bring delight
In place of the darkness and cold
Safe under the meadows so white
Is hiding the buttercup's gold.

"The blush of the sweet-briar rose,
Where is it treasured to-day?
I will call it from under the snows
To bloom on its delicate spray.

"I will fling all the flowers abroad,
And loose in the echoing sky
The beautiful birds of God,
To carol their rapture on high.

"And the summer's splendor shall reign
In place of the winter's dearth,
Her color and music again
Shall gladden the patient earth.

"Look but with eyes that are pure
On the gifts in my hand that lie,
And your portion of bliss is sure
In the beauty no wealth can buy."

Hark to the New Year's voice
Through the murk of the winter drear;
O children of men, rejoice
At the tidings of hope and cheer!

CELIA THAXTER.

ONE SUNDAY EVENING.

BY MRS. JENNIE M. D. CONKLIN.

It was a stormy Sunday evening in the country; there had been no church-going all day; early in the evening a Sunday weariness fell upon everybody.

The house was full, as to-morrow would be Christmas, and cousins had gathered from near and far. Twenty grown people were seated at the supper table; the seven children had a table to themselves.

"I wish there was such a thing as a Sunday game," exclaimed Mildred.

"That's wicked," rebuked her little sister, shocked.

"No, it is not," replied Mildred, reasonably. "I mean something to rest me and help me and send me to bed glad."

"As if there were not such a thing for Sunday," was somebody's indignant rejoinder.

"That is what Sunday is for; to send us to bed glad."

"But I do not wish to be simply receptive; I wish to be communicative," Mildred explained.

"That is the command," said the young minister, "and it certainly holds good for Sunday evening. And may I suggest how?"

"Oh, do! do!" eagerly chorused relieved voices.

"I thought it was wicked to go to bed so early," observed Barbara, "but I couldn't find anything new to read."

"Then everybody who wishes to 'communicate,' get paper and pencil and seat himself and herself at the dining-room table. People who have nothing to give, and all things to get, may make a second row and listen."

It was fifteen minutes before the communicators and the listeners were seated in the dining-room. The young minister smiled when he found that the oldest people in the house had placed themselves in the audience; in the church-in-the-house, was it the young who were aggressive, eager for work, anxious to do good, and to communicate?

"The old folk must be stirred up," he said to himself; and perhaps this plan of his would be one way to do it.

"Now what shall we do, Cousin David?" questioned Harriet. "My mind is as blank as my half sheet of paper."

"I wish each of you to do this," he said, standing, with pencil uplifted in his right hand. "Write on your half sheet of paper, as naturally and easily as you can, any bit of the experience of your life, anything remembered from your reading, anything you happen to think of at the moment, anything that has helped you, anything to help your neighbor, any suggestion, any question."

"That covers acres," remarked the farmer in the audience. "But anybody can drop a seed."

The half-hour was filled with swift-moving and slow-moving pencils, ejaculations, the sound of paper torn into bits, then somebody in hope, or in despair, beginning again. The children grew tired of waiting for the end of things, and crowded around grandmother in the parlor for Bible studies; then grandmother was summoned to listen. Young pastor David stood at the end of the long table, with the sheets and half sheets of note paper arranged in his hand, and glanced around at the expectant faces.

"I wish I had such faces every Sunday," he remarked; "and I could have, if everybody would do something. There are no names signed, so none of you need be too afraid of having your heart too wide open."

He read distinctly, and interest deepened with each paper:

"God says: 'I know the things that come into your mind.' That makes me afraid, for I let things come into my mind that I would not tell anybody; plans, and air-castles, and thoughts—hateful thoughts—about people. And I am glad, too; for he knows how repentant I am, better than I can tell him."

Without comment he opened another folded sheet:

"Christ left two promises to the world; the coming of the Holy Ghost, and his own coming again. I never thought before to-night that either of the two promises makes much difference to me: I should not have thought of them now, but that I tried to remember something my Sunday-school teacher said, and I thought of that. I am ashamed that such wonderful promises make so little difference in my life. I don't mean to excuse myself, but I would like to ask a hundred people and see how many have thought of one or both of them to-day."

"H'm!" ejaculated grandfather, "I haven't."

David read:

"I do not think I shall be so selfishly glad in heaven (glad that I am there) that I shall forget people and things I have cared about on earth; and if I do remember and speak to the Lord about them, will that be praying? Perhaps I may remember some prayer (for somebody) he had not answered the day I died. There may be another name for it in the heavenly speech."

For some reason old Aunt Phebe's eyes filled. David read on:

"One night at bed-time I was too tired to read my usual chapter in the Bible, and I told father. He said that often he would rather think of Christ than of any word he had spoken, just as one would love to be with one's dearest friend when one was too tired to talk, or listen, and Christ understood, as the friend did."

"That's true," responded invalid cousin Jane.

"The Lord expected Paul to work, and work hard, with his thorn in the flesh, and Paul did not caution Timothy about doing too much because of his often infirmities. Earnest, hopeful work helps to heal mind and body."

"God meant to send Isaac and Jacob into the world, and yet they had to be prayed for. And so had Samson, and Samuel and John the Baptist. Human prayers are one of the forces God works with. Prayer was the forerunner."

"A small trial reveals whether one has faith or not as certainly as a straw shows which way the wind blows."

"David prayed: 'Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense,' and John in the isle of Patmos, in his vision of heaven, saw the prayers of all saints offered with incense."

"Sombody said the other day that the world was full of sin, and old Mrs. Rankin said there was more grace than sin in the world, and it provoked quite a discussion, but she ended it with quoting: 'Sin abounds, but grace much more abounds.'"

"H'm!" ejaculated grandfather again.

"In a letter a dear saint wrote, and I copied it: 'I rejoice in doing nothing if nothing be thy will for me, but until thou dost show me that nothing is thy will for me, I may hope that something is, and seek that something.' That helped me, because I don't want to keep still and do nothing, until I must."

"The Lord's way is not only the best way, but it is so best that there is no other way worth doing."

"Something runs in my head and keeps out everything else:

Don't be sorrowful, darling,
Don't be sorry, I pray,
For taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day."

"It is said of Jesus: 'When Jesus heard that;' but he knew it before he heard; and to hear, yet some one had to tell him. I think he likes to be told things."

"I used to be afraid of Satan until I read that the devils could not even enter into the swine until they asked Jesus and got his permission—I read about it to-day."

"It came to me with a great shock when I learned that Christ healed men's bodies according to their faith, and did not at the same time heal their souls. One man wist not who it was that healed him. That seems more sad than not being healed—only God keeps on doing where he has begun."

"The only thing we know about blind Bartimeus after he received his sight is that he followed Jesus."

And this was the last thought in Mildred's mind when she "went to bed glad."
—*Advance.*

NEW YEARS IN RUSSIA.

The first day of the new year in Russia might be called the children's time, for it is ushered in by all sorts of pranks played by the small boy. On New Year's morning the sun is scarcely visible above the eastern horizon ere the young boys of the village sally forth on mischief bent. It is a great day for them, and they make the most of the occasion. It is customary for the youths to form into groups, and, with their pockets well filled with dried pease and wheat, proceed from house to house. The doors of the houses are never bolted, and the boys are thus enabled to enter without disturbing the inmates.

The peas and wheat are very significant emblems. The former are used to arouse from their slumbers those persons who in any way have incurred the enmity of the boys. They are sometimes thrown with such force and in such numbers as to cause the operation to be a very painful one. This, of course, affords the throwers the greatest amusement. The sleeper, thus suddenly awakened, feels like chastising his tormentors, but when he remembers that it is New Year's morn, and that it is the youngsters' day, he joins in the laugh against himself, and turns over for another nap. The wheat is more gentle in its effects, and is tried on friends only. Thus, at the very beginning of the year, the children show their likes and dislikes, and each individual is given to understand whether he is regarded in the light of friend or foe. This custom is exclusively the privilege of the young people.

Early in the day the handsomest horse of which the village boasts is brought out, and its trappings are gayly decorated with evergreens and berries. Thus adorned, it is led to the house of the nobleman, followed by the pea and wheat shooters of the early morning. On the door being opened, the horse is led into the parlor, where the family assemble to admire his glossy coat and fondle him. The noble animal receives the caresses of the family with the greatest solemnity, while he gazes about him with a proud air, as if he understood that the occasion was a memorable one. This is the greeting of the peasants, old and young, to their lord and master. The origin of this custom is shrouded in mystery, but it is supposed to date from Biblical times. The persons who enter the house with the horse are rewarded with small silver coins, which are usually bestowed by the children of the household.

Next comes a procession of real animals, such as the ox, cow, goat, and hog, led by children. These quadrupeds, like the horse, are decorated with evergreens and berries. They do not enter, but pass slowly in front of the house, that the master and his family may view the strange procession from the windows. Then old women appear, bringing the different barnyard fowls, which are also decked with evergreens and berries. These are intended as presents for the master. The noise made by the feathered tribe as they are carried into the house is almost deafening. It occasionally happens that some of the birds make their escape, and then ensues a wild chase, in which all the children of the village join. The Russian small boy is no different in this respect from the American youth, for he frequently provokes this sport by suddenly snatching a bird from under the arm of one of the old women and setting it free for the purpose of having the village urchins chase it. This is capital fun, and the children enjoy it very much.

The peasants are very superstitious, and believe that the miracle of the feast of Cana of Galilee can be repeated, if the people only have faith, as the old year ushers in the new. At precisely the midnight hour, or as nearly as the clocks of the village reckon that time, men, women, and children stand round a large jar filled with water which they anxiously watch to see if it will turn into wine. Year after year the same performance is enacted, and always with the same result.

A superstition indulged in by young girls soon after the advent of the new year is to place a looking-glass between two lighted candles, and sit looking into it until the face of the future husband of each is revealed to her. A trick of the imagination does the rest, and the young girl is happy.

The second day of the new year is devoted to paying visits, a pleasure which the children share with their parents. The visiting over, parents and children separate—the older people to enjoy themselves in their own way, and the young people to follow their example—both parties usually indulging in sleigh-riding.

The young folks always try to get beyond the reach of the older people. During the attempt many ludicrous scenes occur. For instance, the village youths and maidens, in their wild efforts to get beyond the reach of parental control, frequently have their sleighs upset, when a general scramble ensues, and the vehicles are righted amid much merriment. This amusement concludes the holiday season, and the next day the villagers, young and old, return to their ordinary pursuits.—*Countess Narraikow.*

BIBLE STUDY.

Be faithful in Bible research. A great many good books are now coming out. We cannot read half of them. At every revolution of the printing press they are coming. They cover our parlor tables, and are in our sitting-rooms and libraries. Glorious books they are. We thank God every day for the work of the Christian printing press. But I have thought that perhaps the followers of Christ sometimes allow this religious literature to take their attention from God's Word, and that there may not be as much Bible reading as there ought to be.

How is that with your own experience? Just calculate in your minds how much religious literature you have read during the year, and then how large a portion of the Word of God you have read, and then contrast the two and answer within your own soul whether you are giving more attention to the books that were written by the hand of man or that written by the hand of God. Now, you go to the drug store and you get the mineral waters; but you have noticed that the waters are not so fresh or sparking or healthful as when you get these very waters at Saratoga and Sharon—getting them right where they bubble from the rock. And I have noticed the same thing in regard to the truth of the Gospel; while there is a good deal of refreshment and health of the Gospel of God as it comes through good books, I find it is better when I come to the eternal rock of God's Word and drink from that fountain that bubbles up fresh and pure to the life and refreshing of the soul.—*Dr. Talmage.*

IF YOU WANT to help the Lord in your own family don't scold much.

LADY TENNYSON.

ALFRED, BARON TENNYSON.

The whole civilized world mourns the death of England's Laureate. "Byron was dead," he wrote Longago, "and I thought the whole world was at an end." To the English speaking people now it seems almost as if the office of Laureate must die with him, for who is there to fill his place, so strong, so sweet, so noble, so pure? His deathbed, says his physician, Sir Andrew Clarke, was the most glorious that I have ever seen. There was no artificial light in the room and the chamber was almost in darkness save where a broad flood of moonlight poured in through a western window. The moon's rays fell across the bed upon which the dying man lay, bathing him in their pure pellucid light, and forming a Rembrandt-like background to the scene. All was silent, save the soughing of the autumn wind as it gently played through the foliage which surrounded the house, a fitting requiem for the poet who sang of the love and beauty of nature. Motionless Lord Tennyson lay upon his couch, the tide of his life gently, slowly ebbing out into the ocean of the infinite. No racks of pain or sorrow checked its course or caused a ripple upon the outgoing tide. As peacefully and gently as he had lived, so he died, looking until the end into the eyes of those dear to him. All the members of his family were by the bedside, and Sir Andrew Clarke remained by his side from the moment of his arrival until he breathed his last. So gentle and painless was his passing away that the family did not know he had gone until Sir Andrew broke the news to Lady Tennyson, who bore the closing scenes of her great trial well in spite of her extremely delicate health. About an hour before he died he spoke to Lady Tennyson, and his words to her were the last he uttered.

Alfred Tennyson was the son of a Church of England rector in Somersby a small village in Lincolnshire. He was born August 6, 1809. His father is described as a tall, striking looking, accomplished man, with a strong, high tempered but high souled nature. From his mother the poet inherited much of his poetical temperament. She was a very imaginative woman, very sweet and gentle and intensely religious. She could never bear to see anything hurt, and some of the coarser natures around her soon got to know this and frequently imposed upon her. Villagers have been known to beat their dogs under her windows sure that she would bribe them to stop, or perhaps buy the animal outright. In the "Princess" her son describes her as

> "One
> Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
> Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants.
> No Angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In Angel instincts."

Her children early showed that they inherited their mother's imaginative nature. Charles Tennyson, an older brother, was, of all his family, the poet's special comrade. "So gentle, spiritual, noble, and simple, was he," his friends say, "that he was like something from another world."

Any sketch of Tennyson's youth would be incomplete without a mention of his greatest friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, the son of the historian, "the finest youth," to quote one of his old masters, "who ever entered Eton." Mourning his untimely death, as a modern David lamenting his Jonathan, he exclaimed:—

> "My Arthur, whom I shall not see
> Till all my widowed race be run,
> Dear as the mother to the son,
> More than my brothers are to me."

The impression which the geographical character of Lincolnshire made upon Tennyson may be traced all through his works. One comes constantly across references to bulrushes, dark wolds, meres, reeds, willows, water fowl, "Leagues of grass, washed by slow broad streams." "The low morass and whispering reed." "The Brook" is still there and upon its banks the old house on "Phillip's Farm." John Baumbor, a neighbor, was the original of the "Northern Farmer," and the house in which he lived was the original of "The moated Grange."

His first poems were published in 1826 in a little volume entitled "Poems by two Brothers," his brother Charles contributing to the book.

The poet's education before entering college was conducted largely under the direct supervision of his father, whose own university career had been exceptionally brilliant at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1829 he won the gold medal offered by the Chancellor for the best poem on a named subject. The subject was anything but a promising one—"Timbuctoo."

A year after this he published "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." Like many another genius Tennyson received for his earlier works scant encouragement from critics and reviewers. One of these, however, "Crusty old Christopher North" while he was severe was also just, and the young poet profited much by his advice. In 1830 he published another volume containing some of the earlier ones revised and greatly improved.

In 1842 he published two more volumes and this time the critics found their occupation gone, Tennyson was the poet of the people.

In these volumes first appeared "Morte d'Arthur," "Godiva," "The May Queen," "Dora," and "Locksley Hall." In 1847 "The Princess" appeared, but was re-cast in 1850. High praise has been accorded it. The famous songs in it "Sweet and Low," "Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead," "The Bugle Song," and "Ask Me no More," Edmund Clarence Stedman pronounces the finest group of songs produced in this century.

In 1850 "In Memoriam" appeared, written to the memory of Arthur Hallam who was drowned seventeen years before. It is told that a number of men of letters were once asked to name the three poems of this century which they would most prefer to have written and on each list, either first or second, was found "In Memoriam."

Tennyson's married life was an ideal one. About 1859 he married Emily Sellwood, whom he had known at Somersby, the daughter of a country gentleman, whose ancestors, long before the time of the Stuarts had lived in the forest which bears their name. Soon after their marriage, they went to live at "Farringford" in the Isle of Wight. Lady Tennyson is an intense lover of music and a composer of no mean power. She has set the music to many of her husband's songs.

She is a niece of Sir Benjamin Franklin, the intrepid Arctic explorer, whose epitaph in Westminster is one of the finest things Tennyson ever wrote.

> "Not here! the white North hath thy bones,
> And thou, heroic sailor soul,
> Art passing on thy happier voyage now
> Toward no earthly pole."

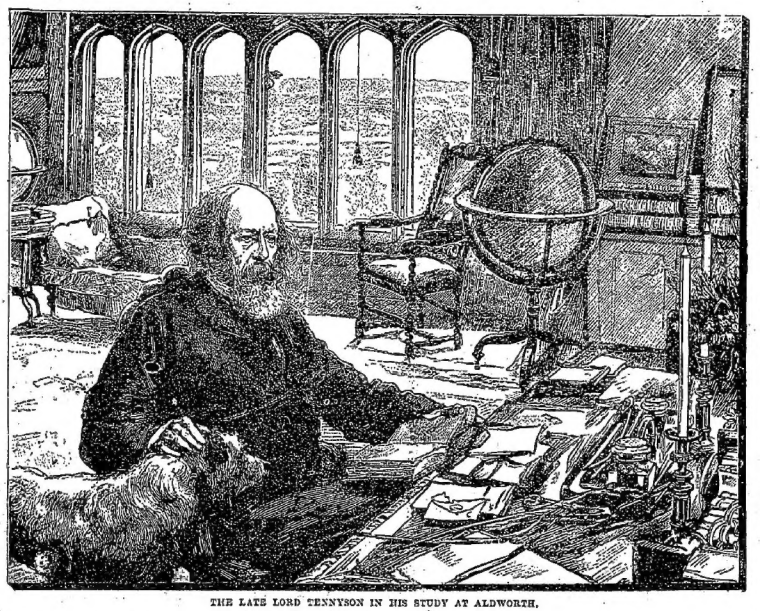
His home at Aldworth, Surrey, was built about twenty years ago, largely because her physicians considered the climate there better for her. Another reason was, to escape the lion hunters who made his life intolerable at Farringford.

Lord Tennyson at one time made a practice of running up to London at least once a year, and roaming about, as far as possible, unrecognized, but no one could pass him by without turning to look at one of the strangest figures that ever trod the streets of modern London." A tall, round-shouldered man, growing stout in these later years, he always walked with a stick, and gave the impression that he was not entirely free from gout. A long beard covered his face, and he looked out through a pair of large spectacles upon a world which, on the whole, he was rather inclined to despise. In supplement of his spectacles there dangled across the somewhat shabby-looking tweed dustcoat a pair of gold-rimmed pince-nez. The tweed dustcoat, in color a musty red, was evidently an acquaintance of many years, and had now grown too tight for him across the chest, over which it was, nevertheless, determinedly buttoned. Dark trousers, with gaiters over his thick-soled boots, and a broad brimmed felt hat, probably older by some years than the tweed dustcoat, completed the dress of the poet Laureate when last he was seen sturdily plodding across Regent's Park."

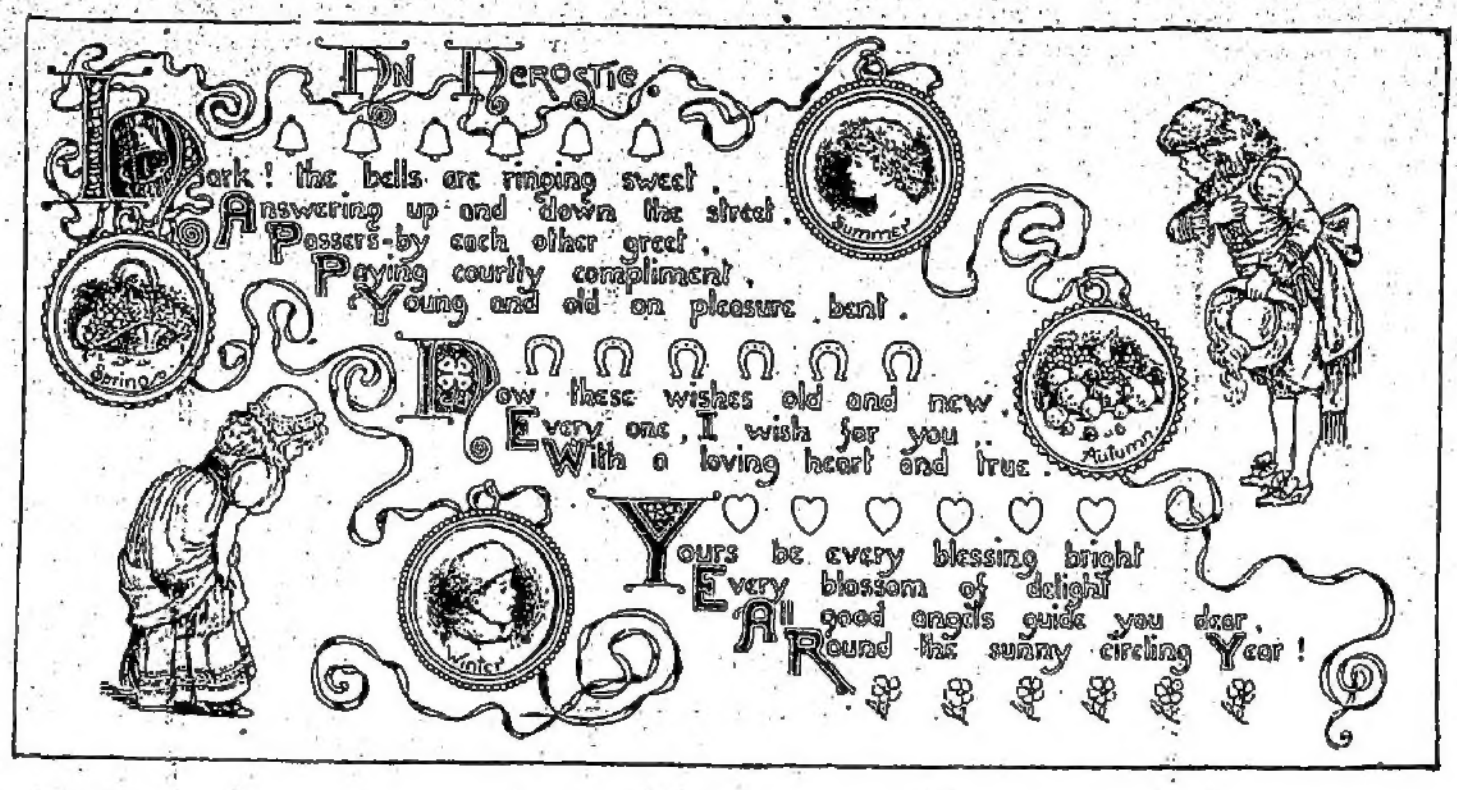
One of the pleasantest descriptions of his life at Farringford was given by Bayard Taylor in a letter to Stedman in 1867:

"He was delightfully free and confidential, and I wish I could write to you much of what he said; but it was so interwrought with high philosophy and broad views of life that a fragment here and there would not fairly represent him. . . . We dined at six in a quaint room hung with pictures, and then went to the drawing-room for dessert. Tennyson and I retired to his study at the top of the house, lit pipes, and talked of poetry. He asked me if I could read his 'Boadicea.' I thought I could. 'Read it, and let me see!' said he. 'I would rather hear you read it,' I answered. Thereupon he did so, chanting the lumbering lines with great unction. I spoke of the idyl of 'Guinevere' as being perhaps his finest poem, and said that I could not read it aloud without my voice breaking down at certain passages. 'Why, I can read it and keep my voice!' he exclaimed triumphantly. This I doubted, and he agreed to try after we went down to our wives. Tennyson took up the "Idyls of the King.' His reading is a strange, monotonous chant, with unexpected falling inflections, which I cannot describe, but can imitate exactly. It is very impressive. In spite of myself I became very much excited as he went on. Finally, when Arthur forgives the Queen, Tennyson's voice fairly broke. I found tears on my cheeks, and Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson were crying, one on either side of me. He made an effort and went on to the end, closing grandly. 'How can you say,' I asked (referring to previous conversation) 'that you have no surety of permanent fame? This poem will only die with the language in which it is written.' Mr. Tennyson started up from her couch. 'It is true!' she exclaimed, 'I have told Alfred the same thing.' . . . When I spoke of certain things in his poetry which I specially valued, he said more than once, 'But the critics blame me for just that. It is only now and then a man like yourself sees what I meant to do.' He is very sensitive to criticism, I find, but, perhaps, not more than the rest of us; only one sees it more clearly in another."

Tennyson had always a great dread of his memoirs being written and, it is said, has left very little material that can be made use of for the purpose.



THE LATE LORD TENNYSON IN HIS STUDY AT ALDWORTH.


An Acrostic.
Dark! the bells are ringing sweet
Answering up and down the street
Passers-by each other greet
Paying courtly compliment
Young and old on pleasure bent
Now these wishes old and new
Every one, I wish for you
With a loving heart and true
Yours be every blessing bright
Every blossom of delight
All good angels guide you dear
Round this sunny circling Year!
Spring
Summer
Autumn
Winter

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE IV.—*(Continued.)*

Soon the village came in sight, nestled in the laps of the green hills on both sides of the river. Timothy trudged bravely on, scanning all the dwellings, but finding none of them just the thing. At last he turned deliberately off the main road, where the houses seemed too near together and too near the street, for his taste, and trundled his family down a shady sort of avenue, where the arching elms met and clasped hands.

Rags had by this time lowered his tail to half-mast, and kept strictly to the beaten path, notwithstanding manifold temptations to forsake it. He passed two cats without a single insulting remark, and his entire demeanor was eloquent of nostalgia.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Timothy disconsolately; "there's something wrong with all the places. Either there's no pigeon-house, like in all the pictures, or no flower garden, or no chickens, or no lady at the window, or else there's lots of baby-clothes hanging on the wash-lines. I don't believe I shall ever find"—

At this moment a large, comfortable white house, that had been heretofore hidden by great trees, came into view. Timothy drew nearer to the spotless picket fence, and gazed upon the beauties of the side yard and the front garden,—gazed and gazed, and fell desperately in love at first sight.

The whole thing had been made as if to order; that is all there is to say about it. There was an orchard, and, oh, ecstasy! what hosts of green apples! There was an interesting grindstone under one tree, and a bright blue chair and stool under another; a thicket of currant and gooseberry bushes; and a flock of young turkeys ambling awkwardly through the barn. Timothy stepped gently along in the thick grass, past a pump and a mossy trough, till a side porch came into view, with a woman sitting there sewing bright-colored rags. A row of shining tin pans caught the sun's rays, and threw them back in glittering prisms of light; the grasshoppers and crickets chirped sleepily in the warm grass, and a score of tiny yellow butterflies hovered over a group of odorous hollyhocks.

Suddenly the person on the porch broke into this cheerful song, which she pitched in so high a key and gave with such emphasis that the crickets and grasshoppers retired by mutual consent from any further competition, and the butterflies suspended operations for several seconds:—

"I'll chase the antelope over the plain,
The tiger's cub I'll bind with a chain,
And the wild gazelle with the silv'ry feet
I'll bring to thee for a playmate sweet."

Timothy listened intently for some moments, but could not understand the words, unless the lady happened to be in the menagerie business, which he thought unlikely, but delightful should it prove true.

His eye then fell on a little marble slab under a tree in a shady corner of the orchard.

"That's a country doorplate," he thought: "yes, it's got the lady's name, 'Martha Cummins,' printed on it. Now I'll know what to call her."

He crept softly on to the front side of the house. There were flower beds, a lovable cat snoozing on the doorsteps, and—a lady sitting at the open window knitting!

At this vision Timothy's heart beat so hard against his little jacket that he could only stagger back to the basket, where Rags and Lady Gay were snuggled together, fast asleep. He anxiously scanned Gay's face; moistened his rag of a handkerchief at the only available source of supply; scrubbed an atrocious spot from the tip of her spirited nose; and then, dragging the basket along the path leading to the front gate, he opened it and went in, mounted the steps, plied the brass knocker, and waited in childlike faith for a summons to enter and make himself at home.

SCENE V.

The White Farm. Afternoon.

TIMOTHY FINDS A HOUSE IN WHICH HE THINKS A BABY IS NEEDED, BUT THE INMATES DO NOT ENTIRELY AGREE WITH HIM.

Meanwhile, Miss Avilda Cumming, had left her window and gone into the next room for a skein of yarn. She answered the knock, however; and, opening, the door stood rooted to the threshold in speechless astonishment, very much as if she had seen the shades of her ancestors drawn up in line in the doorway.

Off went Timothy's hat. He hadn't seen the lady's face very clearly when she was knitting at the window, or he would never have dared to knock; but it was *too* late to retreat. Looking straight into her cold eyes with his own shining gray ones, he said bravely, but with a trembling voice, "Do you need any babies here, if you please?" (Need any babies! What an inappropriate, nonsensical expression, to be sure; as if a baby were something exquisitely indispensable, like the breath of life, for instance!)

No answer. Miss Vilda was trying to assume command of her scattered faculties and find some clue to the situation. Timothy concluded that she was not, after all, the lady of the house; and, remembering the marble doorplate in the orchard, tried again. "Does Miss Martha Cummins live here, if you please?" (Oh, Timothy! what induced you, in this crucial moment of your life, to touch upon that sorest spot in Miss Vilda's memory?)

"What do you want?" she faltered.

"I want to get somebody to adopt my baby," he said; "if you haven't got any of your own, you couldn't find one as dear and as pretty as she is; and you needn't have me too, you know, unless you should need me to help take care of her."

"You're very kind," Miss Avilda answered sarcastically, preparing to shut the door upon the strange child; "but I don't think I care to adopt any babies this afternoon, thank you. You'd better run right back home to your mother, if you've got one, and know where 'tis anyhow."

"I—have n't!" cried poor Timothy, with a sudden and unpremeditated burst of tears at the failure of his hopes; for he was half child as well as half hero. At this juncture Gay opened her eyes, and burst into a wild howl at the unwonted sight of Timothy's grief; and Rags, who was full of exquisite sensibility, and quite ready to weep with those who did weep, lifted up his woolly head and added his piteous wails to the concert. It was a tableau vivant.

"Samanthy Ann!" called Miss Vilda excitedly; "Samanthy Ann! Come right here and tell me what to do!"

The person thus adjured flew in from the porch, leaving a serpentine trail of red, yellow, and blue rags in her wake. "Land o' liberty," she exclaimed, as she surveyed the group. "Where'd they come from, and what air they tryin' to act out?"

"This boy's a baby agent, as near as I can make out; he wants I should adopt this red-headed baby, but says I ain't obliged to take him too, and makes out they have n't got any home. I told him I wa'n't adoptin' any babies just now, and at that he burst out cryin', and the other two followed suit. Now, have the three of 'em just escaped from some asylum, or are they too little to be lunatics?"

Timothy dried his tears, in order that Gay should be comforted and appear at her best, and said penitently: "I cried before I thought, because Gay has n't had anything but cookies since last night, and she'll have no place to sleep unless you'll let us stay here just till morning. We went by all the other houses, and chose this one because everything was so beautiful."

"Nothin' but cookies sence— Land o' liberty!" ejaculated Samantha Ann, starting for the kitchen.

"Come back here, Samanthy! Don't you leave me alone with 'em, and don't let's have all the neighbors runnin' in; you take 'em into the kitchen and give 'em somethin' to eat, and we'll see about the rest afterwards."

Gay kindled at the first casual mention of food; and trying to clamber out of the basket, fell over the edge, thumping her head smartly on the stone steps. Miss Vilda covered her face with her hands, and waited shudderingly for another yell, as the child's carnation stocking and terra-cotta head mingled wildly in the air. But Lady Gay disentangled herself, and laughed the merriest burst of laughter that ever woke the echoes. That was a joke; her life was full of them, served fresh every day; for no sort of adversity could long have power over such a nature as hers. "Come get supper," she cooed, putting her hand in Samantha's; adding that the "nasty lady need n't come," a remark that happily escaped detection, as it was rendered in very unintelligible "early English."

Miss Avilda tottered into the darkened sitting-room and sank on a black hair-cloth sofa, while Samantha ushered the wanderers into the sunny kitchen, muttering to herself: "Wall, I vow! travelin' over the country all alone, 'n' not knee-high to a toad! They're sendin' out awful young tramps this season, but they sha'n't go away hungry, if I know it."

Accordingly, she set out a plentiful supply of bread and butter, gingerbread, pie, and milk, put a tin plate of cold hash in the shed for Rags, and swept him out to it with a corn broom; and, telling the children comfortably to cram their "everlastin' little bread-baskets full," returned to the sitting-room.

"Now, whatever makes you so panicky, Vildy? Did n't you never see a tramp before, for pity's sake? And if you're scar't for fear I can't handle 'em alone, why, Jabe 'll be comin' along soon. The prospeck of gettin' to bed 's the only thing that'll make him 'n' Maria hurry; 'n' they'll both be cal'latin' on that by this time!"

"Samanthy Ann, the first question that that boy asked me was, 'If Miss Martha Cummins lived here.' Now, what do you make of that?"

Samantha looked as astonished as anybody could wish. "Asked if Marthy Cummins lived here? How under the canopy did he ever hear Marthy's name? Wall, somebody told him to ask, that's all there is about it; and what harm was there in it, anyhow?"

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know; but the minute that boy looked up at me and asked for Martha Cummins, the old trouble, that I thought was dead and buried years ago, started right up in my heart and began to ache just as if it all happened yesterday."

"Now keep stiddy, Vildy; what could happen?" urged Samantha.

"Why, it flashed across my mind in a minute," and here Miss Vilda lowered her voice to a whisper, "that perhaps Martha's baby did n't die, as they told her."

"But, land o' liberty, s'posin' it didn't! Poor Marthy died herself more'n twenty years ago."

"I know; but supposing her baby did n't die; and supposing it grew up and died and left this little girl to roam round the world afoot and alone!"

"You 're cal'latin' dreadful close, 'pears to me; now, don't go s'posin' any more things. You're makin' out one of them yellow-covered books, sech as the summer 'boarders bring out here to read: always chock full of doin's that never would come to pass in this or any other Christian country. You jest lay down and snuff your camphire, an' I'll go out an' pump that boy drier n' a sand heap!"

Now Miss Avilda Cummins was unmarried by every application of her being, as Henry James would say: but Samantha Ann Ripley was a spinster purely by accident. She had seldom been exposed to the witcheries of children, or she would have known long before this that, so far as she was personally concerned, they should always prove irresistible. She marched into the kitchen like a general resolved upon the extinction of the enemy. She walked out again, half an hour later, with the very teeth of her resolve drawn, but so painlessly that she had not been aware of the operation! She marched in a woman of a single purpose; she came out a double-faced diplomatist, with the seeds of sedition and conspiracy lurking, all unsuspected, in her heart.

The cause? Nothing more than a dozen trifles as "light as air." Timothy had sat upon a little wooden stool at her feet; and, resting his arms on her knees, had looked up into her kind, rosy face with a pair of liquid eyes like gray-blue lakes, eyes which seemed and were the very windows of his soul. He had sat there telling his wee bit of a story; just a vague, shadowy, plaintive, uncomplaining scrap of a story, without beginning, plot, or ending, but every word in it set Samantha Ann Ripley's heart throbbing.

And Gay, who knew a good thing when she saw it, had climbed up into her capacious lap, and, not being denied, had cuddled her head into that "gracious hollow" in Samantha's shoulder, that had somehow missed the pressure of the childish heads that should have lain there. Then Samantha's arm had finally crept round the wheedlesome bit of soft humanity, and before she knew it her chair was swaying gently to and fro, to and fro, to and fro; and the wooden rockers creaked more sweetly than ever they had creaked before, for they were singing their first cradle song!

(To be Continued.)

"How Soon we might all become rich if we were only willing to do it in God's way."

TIMOTHY'S QUEST.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

SCENE V.—*(Continued.)*

Then Gay heaved a great sigh of unspeakable satisfaction and closed her lovely eyes. She had been born with a desire to be cuddled, and had had precious little experience of it. At the sound of this happy sigh and the sight of the child's flower face, with the upward curling lashes on the pink cheeks and the moist tendrils of hair on the white forehead, and the helpless, clinging touch of the baby arm about her neck, I cannot tell you the why or the wherefore, but old memories and new desires began to stir in Samantha Ann Ripley's heart. In short, she had met the enemy, and she was theirs!

Presently Gay was laid upon the old-fashioned settle, and Samantha stationed herself where the could keep the flies off her by waving a palm-leaf fan.

"Now, there's one thing more I want you to tell me," said she, after she had possessed herself of Timothy's unhappy past, uncertain present, and still more dubious future; "and that is, what made you ask for Miss Marthy Cummins when you come to the door?"

"Why, I thought it was the lady-of-the-house's name," said Timothy; "I saw it on her doorplate."

"But we *ain't got any doorplate, to begin with.*"

"Not a silver one on your door, like they have in the city; but isn't that white marble piece in the yard a doorplate? It's got 'Martha Cummins, aged 17,' on it. I thought may be in the country they had them in their gardens; only I thought it was queer they put their ages on them, because they'd have to be scratched out every little while, would n't they?"

"My grief!" ejaculated Samantha; "for pity's sake, don't you know a tombstun when you see it?"

"No; what is a tombstun?"

"Land sakes! what do you know, any way? Did n't you never see a graveyard where folks is buried?"

"I never went to the graveyard, but I know where it is, and I know about people's being buried. Flossy is going to be buried. And so the white stone shows the places where the people are put, and tells their names, does it? Why, it is a kind of a doorplate, after all, don't you see? Who is Martha Cummins, aged 17?"

"She was Miss Vildy's sister, and she went to the city, and then come home and died here, long years ago. Miss Vildy set great store by her, and can't bear to have her name spoke; so remember what I say. Now, this 'Flossy' you tell me about (of all the fool names I ever hearn tell of, that beats all,—sounds like a wax doll, with her clo'se sewed on!), was she a young woman?"

"I don't know whether she was young or not," said Tim, in a puzzled tone. "She had young yellow hair, and very young shiny teeth, white as china; but her neck was crackled underneath, like Miss Vilda's;—it had no kissing places in it like Gay's."

"Well, you stay here in the kitchen a spell now, 'n' don't let in that rag-dog o' yourn till he stops scratchin', if he keeps it up till the crack o' doom;—he's got to be learned better manners. Now, I'll go in 'n' talk to Miss Vildy. She may keep you over night, 'n' she may not; I ain't noways sure. You started in wrong foot foremost."

SCENE VI.

The White Farm. Evening.

TIMOTHY, LADY GAY, AND RAGS PROVE FAITHFUL TO EACH OTHER.

Samantha went into the sitting-room and told the whole story to Miss Avilda; told it simply and plainly, for she was not given to arabesques in language, and then waited for a response.

"Well, what do you advise doin'?" asked Miss Cummins nervously.

"I don't feel comp'tent to advise, Vilda; the house ain't mine, nor yet the beds that's in it, nor the victuals in the butt'ry; but as a proffessin' Christian and member of the Orthodox Church in good and reg'lar standin' you can't turn 'em ou'doors when it's comin' on dark and they ain't got no place to sleep."

"Plenty of good Orthodox folks turned their backs on Martha when she was in trouble."

"There *may* be Orthodox hogs, for all I know," replied the blunt Samantha, who frequently called spades shovels in her search after absolute truth of statement, "but that ain't any reason why we should copy after 'em 's I know."

"I don't propose to take in two strange children and saddle myself with 'em for days, or weeks, perhaps," said Miss Cummins coldly, "but I tell you what I will do. Supposing we send the boy over to Squire Bean's. It's near hayin' time, and he may take him in to help round and do chores. Then we'll tell him before he goes that we'll keep the baby as long as he gets a chance to work anywheres near. That will give us a chance to look round for some place for 'em and find out whether they've told us the truth."

"And if Squire Bean won't take him?" asked Samantha, with as much cold indifference as she could assume.

"Well, I suppose there's nothing for it but he must come back here and sleep. I'll go out and tell him so,—I declare I feel as weak as if I'd had a spell of sickness!"

Timothy bore the news better than Samantha had feared. Squire Bean's farm did not look so very far away; his heart was at rest about Gay and he felt that he could find a shelter for himself somewhere.

"Now, how'll the baby act when she wakes up and finds you're gone?" inquired Miss Vilda anxiously, as Timothy took his hat and bent down to kiss the sleeping child.

"Well, I don't know exactly," answered Timothy, "because she's always had me, you see. But I guess she'll be all right, now that she knows you a little, and if I can see her every day. She never cries except once in a long while when she gets mad; and if you're careful how you behave, she'll hardly ever get mad at you."

"Well, I vow!" exclaimed Miss Vilda with a grim glance at Samantha, "I guess she'd better do the behavin'."

So Timothy was shown the way across the fields to Squire Bean's. Samantha accompanied him to the back gate, where she gave him three doughnuts and a sneaking kiss, watching him out of sight under the pretense of taking the towels and napkins off the grass.

It was nearly nine o'clock and quite dark when Timothy stole again to the little gate of the White Farm. The feet that had travelled so courageously over the mile walk to Squire Bean's had come back again slowly and wearily; for it was one thing to be shod with the sandals of hope, and quite another to tread upon the leaden soles of disappointment.

He leaned upon the white picket gate listening to the chirp of the frogs and looking at the fireflies as they hung their gleaming lamps here and there in the tall grass. Then he crept round to the side door, to implore the kind offices of the mediator before he entered the presence of the judge whom he assumed to be sitting in awful state somewhere in the front part of the house. He lifted the latch noiselessly and entered. Oh, horror! Miss Avilda herself was sprinkling clothes at the great table on one side of the room. There was a moment of silence.

"He would n't have me," said Timothy simply, "he said I was n't big enough yet. I offered him Gay, too, but he did n't want her either, and, if you please, I would rather sleep on the sofa so as not to be any more trouble."

"You won't do any such thing," responded Miss Vilda briskly. "You've got a royal welcome this time sure, and I guess you can earn your lodging fast enough. You hear that?" and she opened the door that led into the upper part of the house.

A piercing shriek floated down into the kitchen, and another on the heels of that, and then another. Every drop of blood in Timothy's spare body rushed to his pale grave face. "Is she being whipped?" he whispered, with set lips.

"No; she needs it bad enough, but we ain't savages. She's only got the pretty temper that matches her hair, just as you said. I guess we have n't been behavin' to suit her."

"Can I go up? She'll stop in a minute when she sees me. She never went to bed without me before, and truly, truly, she's not a cross baby!"

"Come right along and welcome; just so long as she has to stay you're invited to visit with her. Land sakes! the neighbors will think we're killin' pigs!" and Miss Vilda started upstairs to show Timothy the way.

Gay was sitting up in bed and the faithful Samantha Ann was seated beside her with a lapful of useless bribes,—apples, seed-cakes, an illustrated Bible, a thermometer, an ear of red corn, and a large stuffed green bird, the glory of the "keeping room" mantelpiece.

But a whole aviary of highly colored songsters would not have assuaged Gay's woe at that moment. Every effort at conciliation was met with the one plaint: "I want my Timfy! I want my Timfy!"

At the first sight of the beloved form, Gay flung the sacred bird into the furthest corner of the room and burst into a wild sob of delight, as she threw herself into Timothy's loving arms.

Fifteen minutes later peace had descended on the troubled homestead, and Samantha went into the sitting-room and threw herself into the depths of the high-backed rocker. "Land o' liberty! perhaps I ain't het-up!" she ejaculated, as she wiped the sweat of honest toil from her brow and fanned herself vigorously with her apron. "I tell you what, at five o'clock I was dreadful sorry I had n't took Dave Milliken, but now I'm plaguey glad I did n't! Still" (and here she tried to smooth the green bird's ruffled plumage and restore him to his perch under the revered glass case), "still children will be children."

"Some of 'em's considerable more like wild cats," said Miss Avilda briefly.

"You just go upstairs now, and see if you find anything that looks like wild cats; but 't any rate, wild cats or tame cats, we would n't dass turn 'em ou'doors this time o' night for fear of flyin' in the face of Providence. If it's a stint He's set us, I don't see but we've got to work it out somehow."

"I'd rather have some other stint."

"To be sure!" retorted Samantha vigorously. "I never see anybody yet that did n't want to pick out her own stint; but mebbe if we got just the one we wanted it would n't be no stint! Land o' liberty, what's that!"

There was a crash of falling tin pans, and Samantha flew to investigate the cause. About ten minutes later she returned, more heated than ever, and threw herself for the second time into the high-backed rocker.

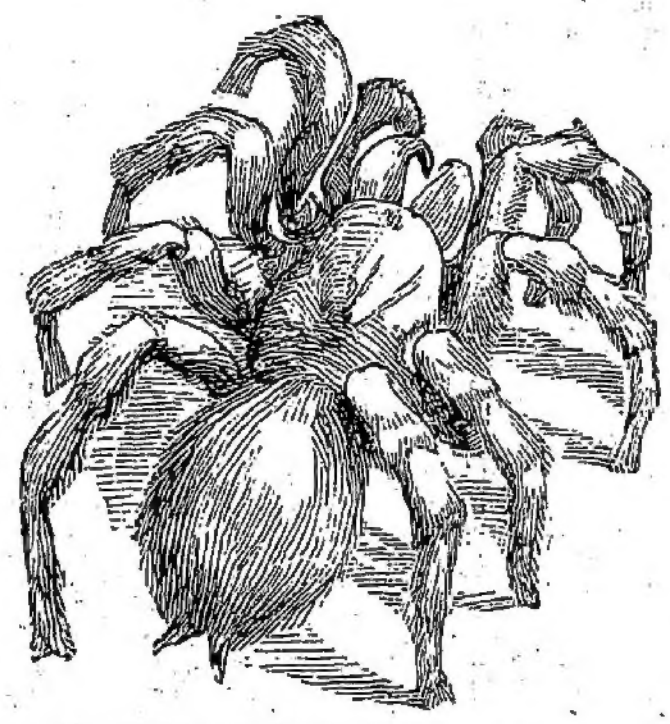
(To be Continued.)

BIRD-EATING SPIDERS.

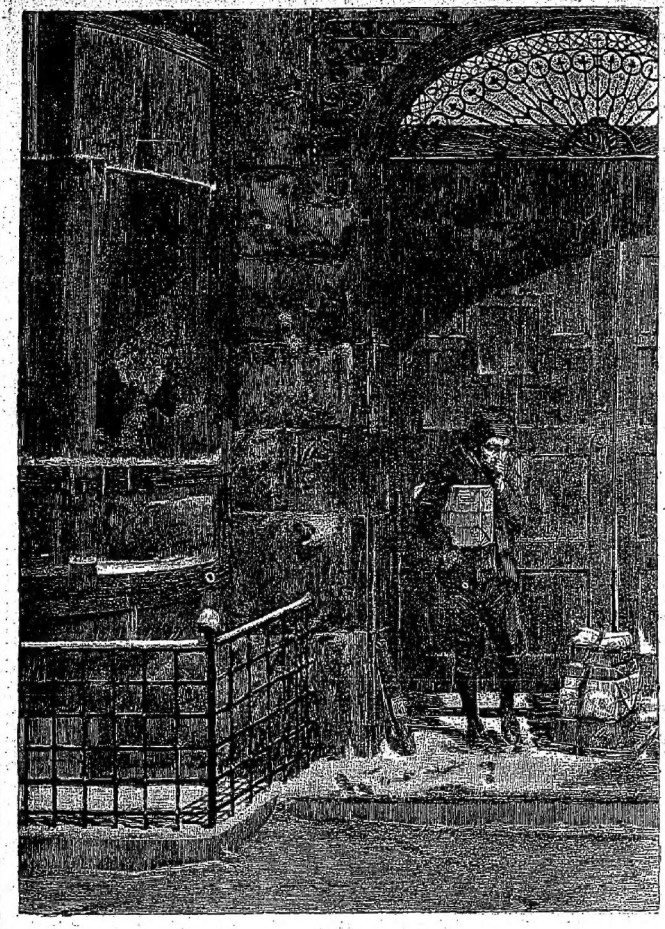
One of the attractions at present in vogue at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London, is a couple of bird-eating spiders, presented to the Zoological Society by Mr. T. Terry, of the Grange, Borough Green, Kent, who brought several of these interesting arachnidans from Port of Spain, Trinidad. Spiders, at large, are perhaps not very attractive creatures, regarded, that is, from the popular standpoint; but a closer acquaintance with their habits will serve to interest even the most casual of observers. Of course spiders are not "insects" at all. Though they belong to the same great division of the animal world, they form quite a different branch of the genealogical tree, which includes the lobsters and crabs, spiders, insects, and centipedes among its belongings. An insect has only six legs, a spider has eight—the two front "legs" of a spider are really appendages of its mouth, so that its ten-legged appearance (as seen in our illustration) is thus explained. Then, also, an insect has its head, chest, and tail distinctly marked, the head and chest being joined in the spiders. There are no feelers or antennæ (as such) in the spiders, and they breathe by lung-sacs, and not by air-tubes, as do the insects; while, finally, wings are never developed in the spider class. The bird-eating spiders, we suspect, cannot legitimately be called "tarantulas," more probably they are related to the Mygale group, of which the trap-door spiders of southern Europe are examples. There is a spider common in the Southern States of America, the *Nephila plumipes*, which makes its net so strong that it captures small birds. The tarantulas are not, as a rule, of big size, and the story about their bite causing "dancing madness" is, of course, pure fiction. The bird-eating spiders at the "Zoo" are male and female, and, as usual in the spider class, the female is the bigger, for the spiders long ago have satisfactorily solved the "woman's rights" question, and not only domineer over their husbands, but often end domestic differences by eating them. The poison apparatus exists in the mouth, the mandibles, or big jaws, being provided each with a poison-fang (as seen in the illustration), which draws its store of venom from a poison-gland. Mr. Terry says there is no doubt his spiders kill small birds such as humming-birds, some of which are very small indeed. Mice they will sometimes capture as well. He feeds his spiders on cockroaches, beetles, and moths, and has tried them with very young sparrows. With regard to the effects of the bite on man, Mr. Terry says they often cause death; but one may be pardoned for being somewhat sceptical on this latter point, though there is no reason to doubt that, as with the bite of the scorpion or of a big centipede, severe inflammation may follow the wound made by a big spider.—*Graphic.*

A PRETTY CHARITY.

A unique and pretty charity which flourishes in England during the summer is the Sea Shell Mission. Princess Victoria May of Teck is its nominal, if not its acting, president, and other distinguished people lend their patronage to it. But it is the English children who carry it along. Everywhere on the coast the little folks may be seen with bags, baskets and pails, which they are filling with shells and pretty stones for the other little children who have never seen the sea. The secretary reports sending out over 30,000 boxes and bags of shells and sea curios, which must have meant amusement and occupation in many dreary little lives and through many dreary hours.



THE BIRD-EATING SPIDER AT THE LONDON ZOO.



WANTED, A STORY.

WORK FOR YOUNG CANADIAN WRITERS.

For the two best stories written on this picture, the publishers of the *Northern Messenger* offer two handsome prizes.

THE FIRST PRIZE

is a complete volume of Tennyson's Poems, and

THE SECOND PRIZE

a volume of "Songs of the Great Dominion," edited by Wm. Douw Lighthall.

THE CONDITIONS.

The stories must be written on paper the size of one half page or one quarter sheet of foolscap, must be written on one side of the page only, and contain not more than two thousand words. A *nom de plume* must be signed on the right hand upper corner of the first page, and the full name and address in a sealed envelope, with the *nom de plume* on the outside, must accompany the story. The paper must not be rolled or folded, but mailed flat. All under 21 years of age may compete, and stories must be in our hands before the first of February.

The picture is one offering a wide range to the imagination, especially at this season and we hope many hundreds of our young people will enter the lists. Address

"MESSENGER" STORY COMPETITION,
John Dougall & Son, Montreal.

BY THE NURSERY FIRE.

In winning souls for Christ, what is said is not so important as the faith and prayer which goes with the effort. A correspondent of the London *Christian* tells the following little story for the encouragement of other mothers who find difficulty in personal religious conversation. She says:—

More than thirty years ago, when Mr. Reginald Radcliffe was preaching in Edinburgh, he asked at the close of a meeting if those who knew they were Christians would rise to their feet. I was just a school-girl then, but the arrow of conviction entered my soul, and, although no one spoke to me, and for some months I still remained without Christ, I had no rest until, one bright starry evening, in walking home from school, the verse came home to my heart, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Glory be to his name, he saved me. Once at Keswick, a few years ago, I waited at the tent door hoping to thank Mr. Radcliffe, but he had left the meeting. I shall thank him one day in heaven.

Now I have to tell you of a quiet Sunday afternoon when sitting by the fire in the gloaming, as mothers will do with their bairns round them, I and my boys were having one of our Sunday talks. An overwhelming longing came over me that my eldest boy, then fourteen years old, would come to Jesus, but I was so shy of speaking. At last I managed to say, "Jack! darling! have you settled this question for yourself?" and rising, I went off to my own room thinking, "Oh dear! what a stupid, silly way I took, the Lord can never use me!"

Three years passed, and my boy was getting very near the Glory Land—three years in which I had watched and marvelled at his rapid growth in the Christian life, and at the marvellous grace and patience given to him in all his suffering, and his gradual laying down all the bright hopes and plans of his dawning manhood. Just about a week before we parted, he said to me, "Mother, dear! do you know when I came to Jesus first? I want to tell you, for it will comfort you when I am gone. Just that night by the nursery fire three years ago; don't you remember it?"

In the early morning of a July day, about a week later, his weary eyes saw the King in his beauty, and that very night, when I was lying down and resting with a little brother of Jack's beside me, about whom he was very anxious, this boy whispered to me, amidst a flood of tears, "Mother! I've given my heart to Jesus." He is still with us, spared to be an increasing joy as the days go by. I have told you this because it may help some one to speak a word for Jesus, even though they feel so weak. God takes the foolish things, and uses them for his glory, and he has made me feel such a rich mother, glory to his dear name.

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Our subscribers throughout the United States where International money orders cannot be procured can remit by money order, payable at Rouses Point Post Office, N. Y., State, or secure an American Express Co. order, payable at Montreal.

NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

1 copy			$ 0 30
10 copies to one address			2 25
20	"	"	4 40
50	"	"	10 50
100	"	"	20 00

Sample package supplied free on application

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE ATTENTION OF SUBSCRIBERS is earnestly called to the instructions given in every paper that all business letters for the *Messenger* should be addressed "John Dougall & Son," and not to any personal address. Attention to this will save much trouble and will reduce the chances of delay or irregularity.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MOTHERS,
Read the "Witness"
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

WEALTH, HAPPINESS, PEACE,
Depends on the
HEALTH
Of the Good Man,
Of the Son or Daughter,
Of the Baby.

Subscribers have the privilege of Free Consultation as often as desired.

The Department is in charge of a Regular Practising Physician of great ability and large practice in the city of Montreal.

WEEKLY WITNESS, - - - $1 Per Annum.
DAILY WITNESS, - - - $3 Per Annum.

All New Subscribers will receive free to end of 1892, the paper for which they subscribe. Send for Free Sample Copies.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
MONTREAL.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA.
BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists,
London, England.

FARMERS!! CONSIDER!!

Duncan McEachran, D.V.S., F.R.C.V.S., Dean of the Faculty of Comparative Medicine McGill University, Montreal, Chief Inspector of Stock for Canada, has charge of

THE "WITNESS" VETERINARY DEPARTMENT.

Do you want to know what is the matter with

THAT LAME HORSE
" SICK COW
" THIN PIG
" POOR SHEEP
" HOUSEHOLD PET ?

Dr. McEachran, the *Witness* Veterinary Editor, can tell you through the *Witness* columns and prescribe a treatment for the ailing Horse, Cow, Pig, Sheep or Pet

FREE OF CHARGE
TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscriptions { WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.00 per annum.
DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 per annum.

One consultation would alone be worth several years subscriptions.

Remember, all new subscribers will receive FREE to end of 1892 the paper subscribed for. Send for free sample copies.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
MONTREAL.

12 ELEGANT CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR CARDS of various sizes, Shapes and Designs with appropriate Mottoes and Verses, comprising Silk Fringed, Frosted, Gold Edged, &c., (worth at least $1.00.) Sent postpaid to any address for only 20 cents. Fifty Rich Silk Fringed, 50 cents. 25 lovely Golden Xmas and New Year Cards for Children. No two alike, 10 cents. Canada and U.S. postages taken as cash. Address STAR CARD CO., Knowlton, P.Q.

Sent Free, Samples of our S. S. papers, printed in colors. Children's Story Papers for them. Send one 4-page paper before renewing for 93. LEONARD PUB. CO., Bible House, Albany, N. Y.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER is printed and published every fortnight at Nos. 321 and 323 St. James st., Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal. All business communications should be addressed, "John Dougall & Son," and all letters to the Editor should be addressed "Editor of the Northern Messenger."